

# WILL THE CIRCUS COME TO THIS?

## FUTURE POSSIBILITIES OF THE SAWDUST RING



The Sorrowful Lion

A GENERATION since the circus was by popular consent the children's entertainment, the reward of good behavior. The grown-ups attended in force, as they do today, although their attitude differed. The children were invariably made the excuse for attending. Of recent years a great change has occurred in the nature of the circus itself, which has influenced the general attitude of the circus going public.

All the old charm of the circus has been carefully handed down, but in addition there has been a remarkable advance in the difficulty and spectacular value of the acts. Each season brings some new "thriller," more daring than any that has gone before. The acrobats discover some new contortion, the trapeze artists hit upon some new plan for risking their necks and the performing animals grow more and more intelligent. The fat women in the side shows grow fatter, the thin men thinner, the tall men still taller. There is ample proof of this evolution in the "Greatest Show on Earth" this season at the Madison Square Garden.

The familiar clowns, the elephants, the performing horses, the acrobats, still perform many of the old tricks without which no circus would be complete, yet the advance along many lines is startling. The evolution has been very gradual. Should a circus lover of a generation ago see the Barnum & Bailey show this year with out having seen any circus in the interval the advance would be the more startling. From the trick bicycle rider, for instance, of a few years back has rapidly come in turn a very startling class of performers. The bicycle after being made to do every-



The Laughing Elephant

thing possible on the ground, was used for aerial acts, and was made to turn summersaults or leap freely through the air

### ART SOCIETY LEAGUES.

IN nearly every city of twenty thousand or more in Germany there is an art society. Weekly art exhibitions are held and the display is changed at the end of each week and passed along to the society next in regular order until the circuits of the societies in the association are completed. Works that have been sold, of course, are deducted, except when arrangements have been made to continue them on exhibition. This not only educates the public taste but it furnishes the artists with the opportunity of introduc-

ing their fine productions to the masses and assists the poor artists. The Stuttgart Art Society, for example, has 2,757 members, only a few of whom are artists, and occupies a handsome centrally located building. Its rooms are daily frequented by art lovers. The art society officers expressed great surprise when I stated that no such league of art societies existed in the United States and no system of constantly changing exhibits was known here.

at great altitudes. The search for excellence led to the use of the automobile, which has been put through almost exactly

### ATMOSPHERIC STUDIES

THE German government has decided to establish a meteorological station in Southern Germany, write Consul Brittain, of Kohl. It will be on Lake Constance, near Friedrichshafen, and will cost \$25,000, the States of Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden and Alsace-Lorraine joining in the expense. Extensive study of the atmosphere will be made daily by means of kites from specially constructed boats on the lake. Similar stations already exist in Northern Germany at Lindenberg and Hamburg.

the same class of performances. This season an automobile is made to turn a complete summersault in midair and carry

### FARM MACHINERY IN RUSSIA.

EVERY year the number of agricultural machines and farming implements used in Russia is growing. A German publication on agricultural subjects recently stated that the outlook for foreign made machinery in Russia was exceedingly good. Not only on the large estates, but also the small peasant farms, an ever increasing number of German and American farm implements and tools are coming into use. The peasants naturally prefer home made machinery, but the cheaper price of imported machines, on

shows, where certain settled traditions seem to obtain, the change is scarcely less marked. The agents of the circus search

### Little Big People and Big Little People.

the entire world for new freaks and more extreme examples of the types already on hand. It is a fascinating problem to speculate on the future possibilities of circus evolution. Where the imagination fails to suggest any improvement on the great circus of to-day the camera—the instrument that never lies—may be called on to supply a glimpse, however reliable, of future possibilities. The pictures reproduced herewith are the work of the "jag camera" in a prophetic mood. The possibilities of this camera, it will be observed, are well nigh endless. One of the most remarkable revelations of this photographic apparatus is its pictures of animals. Take, for example, its prophetic portrait of an elephant. We have had clown elephants and performing elephants in endless variety, but here is a laughing elephant. The expression of enjoyment is unmistakable. Is it possible that the elephants of future circuses will be regular comedians? On the other hand, the camera portrait of a lion shows the king of beasts practicing facial expressions much the same as an actor in melodrama. The lion actor is at least thereby indicated as a future circus possibility. Turning to the side show, the revelations of the jag camera are equally startling. The photograph of the giants suggests an elevation for such freaks beyond all circus traditions. The dwarfs again seem to have settled still further into themselves and to be growing as rapidly smaller as the giants are growing taller.

### The Simple City Life.

I love the simple city life,  
For in my cosy, cheerful flat,  
With every comfort snug and pat,  
I'm free from country chores and strife.  
When bedtime's drowsy hour draws near  
No longer do I fume and fret,  
For there's no danger now I'll get  
These orders that I used to fear—  
"Oh, father, fill the stove once more!  
Close all the blinds! Take in the mat!  
Put out the milk pail and the cat!  
Go down and bolt the cellar door!"  
My bookcase soon becomes a couch,  
Released by lever from the top;  
My form upon the bed I flop  
And sink to slumber sweet—woof, ouch!  
I double up, just like a knife—  
My folding bed has balked. I get  
Myself into a knot. Am I yet  
I love the simple city life!  
THOMAS B. CHRYSTAL.

## GEORGE ADE IN PASTURES NEW

Continued from Page One.

On the whole, I think our telephone system is superior to that of any foreign city's. Our telephone girls have larger vocabularies, for one thing. In England the "hello" is never used. When an Englishman gathers up the ponderous contrivance and fits it against his head he asks:—"Are you there?" If the other man answers "No" that stops the whole conversation.

Travelers throughout the world should rise up and unite in a vote of thanks to whoever it was that abolished the typer berth in the newer boats. Mahomet's coffin suspended in mid air must have been a cheery and satisfactory bunk compared with the ordinary upper berth. Only a trained athlete can climb into one of them. The woodwork that you embrace and rub your legs against as you struggle upward is very cold. When you fall into the clammy sheet you are only about six inches from the ceiling. In the early morning the sailors scrub the deck just overhead, and you feel as if you were getting a shampoo. The aerial sarcophagus is built deep, like a trough, so that the prisoner cannot roll out during the night. It is narrow, and the man who is addicted to the habit of "spraddling" feels as if he were tied hand and foot.

In nearly all of the staterooms of the new boat there were no upper berths, and the lower ones were wide and springy—they were almost beds, and a bed on board ship is something that for years has been reserved as the special luxury of the millionaire.

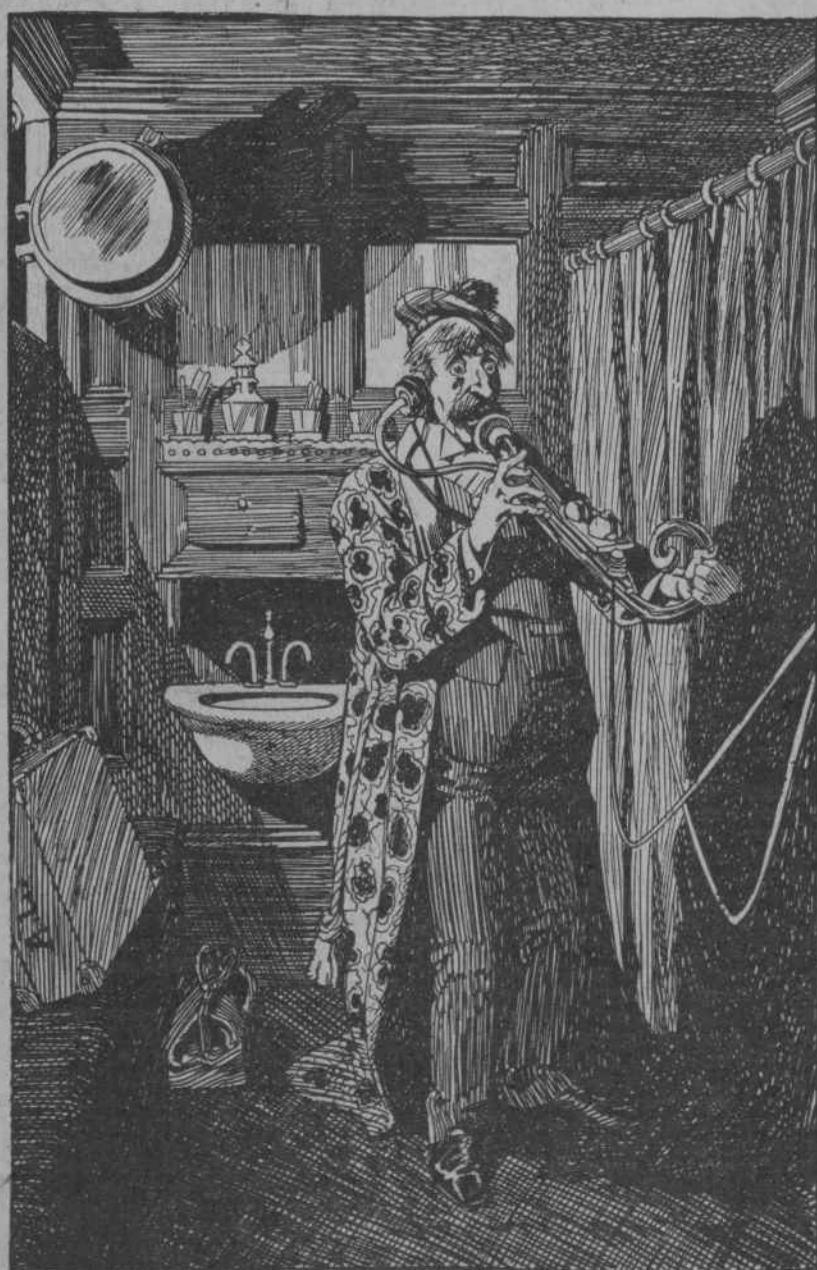
We really had on board the daily paper, the gymnasium, the florist, the bureau of information, the manicure parlor and other adjuncts of seagoing that would have been regarded as fanciful dreams ten years ago. Next to the elevators the most novel feature of the new kind of liners is the la carte restaurant. It was on the Kaiser deck. The topmost deck was called the "Kaiser," to indicate that he ranked next to the heavenly bodies in general importance. The old names of "upper deck," "promenade deck," "main deck" and "lower deck" cannot be applied to one of these new fangled monsters. Next below the Kaiser deck came the Washington deck, then the Roosevelt deck, then the Cleveland deck, then the Franklin deck, and after that a lower deck and several more that did not concern the passengers living in the upper stories.

The restaurant was forward on the Kaiser deck—a gorgeous pocket edition of Sherry's or Delmonico's in New York, the Carlton in London or the Ritz in Paris. Formerly on the North Atlantic, and especially during the winter season, the only persons who dined for dinner were misguided Englishmen, who would rather take a chance on pneumonia than violate any of their national traditions. The new type of steamer is housed in and steam heated and all the people who dined in the glittering restaurant far from the common horde of the main dining saloon were attired to the limit. The usual Hungarian orchestra played hurrah music, and what with the Swiss waiters and the candelabra, the fresh caviar and other luxuries of high living it was difficult for one to realize that he was riding on the high seas at the most inclement season of the year.

It was all very Fifth Avenue—even to the check. On the steamer I met an old friend—Mr. Peasley, of Iowa. We first collided in Europe in 1895, when both of us were over for the first time and were groping our way about the Continent and pretending to enjoy ourselves. About the time I first encountered Mr. Peasley he had an experience which in all probability is without parallel in human history. Some people to whom I have told the story frankly disbelieved it, but then they did not know Mr. Peasley. It is all very true, and it happened as follows:—

Mr. Peasley had been in Rotterdam for two days, and after galloping madly through churches, galleries and museums for eight hours a day he said that he had seen enough Dutch art to last him a million years, at a very conservative estimate, so he started for Brussels. He asked the proprietor at the hotel at Rotterdam for the name of a good hotel in Brussels and the proprietor told him to go to the Hotel Victoria. He said it was a first class establishment and was run by his brother-in-law. Every hotel keeper in Europe has a brother-in-law running a hotel in some other town.

Mr. Peasley was loaded into the train by watchful attendants, and as there were no Englishmen in the compartment he succeeded in getting a good seat right by the window and did not have to ride backward. Very



HOLDS IT THE SAME AS A SLIDE TROMBONE.

soon he became immersed in an American book. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, not heeding the flight of time, until the train rolled into a cavernous train shed and was attacked by the usual energetic mob of porters

and hotel runners. Mr. Peasley looked out and saw that they had arrived at another large city. On the other side of the platform was a large and beautiful "bus marked "Hotel Victoria." Mr. Peasley shrieked for a porter and began dumping Gladstone bags, steamer rugs, cameras and other impedimenta out through the window. The man from the Victoria put these on top of the "bus and in a few minutes Mr. Peasley was riding through the tidy thoroughfares and throwing mental bouquets at the street cleaning department.

When he arrived at the Victoria he was met by the proprietor, who wore the frock coat and whiskers which are the universal insignia of hospitality.

"Your brother-in-law in Rotterdam told me to come here and put up with you," explained Mr. Peasley. "He said you were running a first class place, which means, I suppose, first class for this country. If you fellows over here would put in steam heat and bathrooms and electric lights and then give us something to eat in the bargain your hotels wouldn't be so bad. I admire the stationery in your writing rooms, and the regalia worn by your waiters is certainly all right, but that's about all I can say for you."

The proprietor smiled and bowed and said he hoped his brother-in-law in Rotterdam was in good health and enjoying prosperity, and Mr. Peasley said that he, personally, had left with the brother-in-law enough money to run the hotel for another six months.

After Mr. Peasley had been conducted to his room he dug up his Baedeker and very carefully read the introduction to Brussels. Then he studied the map for a little while. He believed in getting a good general idea of the lay of things before he tackled a new town. He marked on the map a few of the show places which seemed worth while, and then he sallied out, waving aside the smiling guide who attempted to fawn upon him as he paused at the main entrance. Mr. Peasley would have nothing to do with guides. He always said that the man who had to be led around by the halter would do better to stay right at home.

It was a very busy afternoon for Mr. Peasley. At first he had some difficulty in finding the places that were marked in red spots on the map. This was because he had been holding the map upside down. By turning the map the other way and making due allowance for the inaccuracies to be expected in a book written by ignorant foreigners the whole ground plan of the city straightened itself out, and he boldly went his way. He visited an old cathedral and two art galleries, reading long and scholarly comments on the more celebrated masterpieces. Some of the paintings were not properly labelled, but he knew that slipshod methods prevailed in Europe—that a civilization which is on the downhill and about to play out cannot be expected to breed a businesslike accuracy. He wrote marginal corrections in his guide book and doctored up the map a little, several streets having been omitted, and returned to the hotel at dusk feeling very well repaid. From the beginning of his tour he had maintained that when a man goes out and gets information or impressions of his own unaided efforts he gets something that will abide with him and become a part of his intellec-

tual and artistic fibre. That which is ladled into him by a verbose guide soon evaporates or oozes away.

At the table d'hôte Mr. Peasley had the good fortune to be seated next to an Englishman, to whom he addressed himself. The Englishman was not very communicative, but Mr. Peasley persevered. It was his theory that when one is travelling and meets a fellow Caucasian who is shy or reticent or suspicious the thing to do is to keep on talking to him until he feels quite at ease, and the entire cordiality is fully established. So Mr. Peasley told the Englishman all about Iowa and said that it was "God's country." The Englishman fully agreed with him—that is, if silence gives consent. There was a lull in the conversation and Mr. Peasley, seeking to give it a new turn, said to his neighbor, "I like this town best of any I've seen. Is this your first visit to Brussels?"

"I have never been to Brussels," replied the Englishman.

"That is, never until this time," suggested Mr. Peasley. "I'm in the same boat. Just landed here to-day. I've heard of it before, on account of the carpet coming from here and of course everybody knows about Brussels sprouts, but I had no idea it was such a big place. It's bigger than Rock Island and Davenport put together."

The Englishman began to move away, at the same time regarding the cheerful Peasley with solemn wonderment. Then he said:—

"My dear sir, I am quite unable to follow you. Where do you think you are?"

"Brussels—it's in Belgium—capital, same as Des Moines in Iowa."

"My good man, you are not in Brussels. You are in Antwerp."

"Antwerp?"

"Certainly."

"Why, I've been all over town to-day, with a guide book, and"—He paused and a horrible suspicion settled upon him. Arising from the table he rushed to the outer office and confronted the manager.

"What's the name of this town I'm in?" he demanded.

"Antwerp," replied the astonished manager.

Mr. Peasley leaned against the wall and gasped "Well, I'll be —!" he began, and then language failed him.

"You said you had a brother-in-law in Rotterdam," he said, when he recovered his voice.

"That is quite true."

"And the Victoria Hotel—is there one in Brussels and another in Antwerp?"

"There is a Victoria hotel in every city in the whole world. The Victoria hotel is universal—the same as Scotch whiskey."

"And I am now in Antwerp?"

"Most assuredly."

Mr. Peasley went to his room. He did not dare to return to face the Englishman. Next day he proceeded to Brussels and found that he could work from the same guide book just as successfully as he had in Antwerp.

When I met him on the steamer he said that during all of his travels since 1895 he never had duplicated the remarkable experience at Antwerp. As soon as he alights from a train he goes right up to some one and asks the name of the town.